

Invader KOORI

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Summary: A defective invader determined to prove her worth and honour is sent to Earth on a humiliating mission with an even more humiliating partner. On a strict deadline, she must prepare Earth from invasion while fighting back ZIM's mad schemes and an irritating human's resistance to earn her rightful place in Irken society.

Invader KOORI

Hello!

I thought I'd put this up and see if anyone was interested in reading it. If there's any feedback, I'd love to hear it in reviews or PM's(provided anyone actually reads this).

There will be NO romance. I'm trying to keep to the show as much as possible, including the tone of it and the characters' personalities.

\*A note: I've found information that says IRKENs spell their species name and any personal names in all capitol letters. I've been trying to keep up this practice, though it may be a bit inconstant, as it is both a recent addition and hard to remember to do.

\* \* \*

><p>"KOORI? How did you get here?"<p>

The Irken female stood still and resolute under the critical red and purple eyes of her Almighty Tallest. Her back stiff and her lithe body straining in the Massive's control chamber, her antennae erect, to appear taller for the respect the added height would earn. Though she was already taller than average amongst her species, an extra inch was still important in the eyes of her leaders. "With all due respect, My Tallest. I've come to claim the title of 'Invader'. I

believe you were mistaken in not naming me one of the Irken Elite." Her voice was stiff, but even and controlled.

The two leaders shared a look that told both of their frustration of dealing with another dissatisfied, dysfunctional soldier, and of their preference to end the meeting quickly in order to tuck into the large assortment of Irken snacks that awaited them. KOORI noted the look and frowned, her blockish, emerald eyes narrowed, contrasting slightly with her lighter skin. Her left antenna (curled in such a way that resembled a single sierpinski triangle), twitched in slight irritation. She was a defect, perhaps, but she'd proven her worth over and over, striving for nothing more than to please her leaders. "My Tallest, I was one of the top-performing soldiers on Devastis. I out-performed 79.1% of all invaders to ever have taken the test, and nine of ten in my division, yet I never received the proper acknowledgement of a simple invader, let alone of an Elite."

"Yes, wellâ€¦" The Red tallest began, his two fingers scratching the top of his prismic head, carefully avoiding the sensitive antennae there.

"I recognize that my PAK is defective, and that it is cause for concern, but I pledge nothing but undying loyalty to you, My Tallest. I only wish to expand the mighty Irken Empire, and to prove my worth and dedication."

The purple dignitary hummed in slight acknowledgment, though he seemed much more interested in the Irken soft drink clutched in his right 'hand,' his eyelids drooping passively over his violet eyes. The other leader narrowed a red eye. "I just don't know if we can trust you. You'd be better suited for work on Foodcourtia, or maybe Dirt or Janitorilon. A defective personality chip has the potential to cause havoc as widespread as Operation Impending Doom One!"

"Yet you let Invader ZIM keep his rank and gave him an assignment." KOORI's voice dropped, and it was forced strain on her voice that kept her tone at least slightly respectful.

The purple tallest started to giggle, fighting to keep soft drink from spraying everywhere by clamping his lips together. Red chuckled as well and soon both luminaries were doubled over in laughter.

"Z- ZIM?" The purple spluttered, spraying Irken Cola into KOORI's face. She stood, motionless and patient, unyielding in her desire to impress. Neither even tried to reign in their mirth for several seconds, and even after the worst of it had stopped, Purple seemed to giggle every few seconds.

Red composed himself more easily, turning an almost disappointed eye on the young Irken. "Surely you know that was just to shut him up? He was banished to Foodcourtia, but when he escaped we just wanted him out of the way. He's an intergalactic laughing stock!"

"Stuck on some horrible, dull planet called 'Earth,' he actually thinks he's doing something. You're smarter than that though." Purple added with an unwelcome snicker.

Red nodded, almost mockingly solemn. "That's right. You're smart enough to know that you should just accept your fate. The fact that you actually came here to complain, somehow boarded The Massive and

snuck past the guards, proves you are unpredictable. We need good soldiers, not independent thinkers."

"It's a shame." Purple lamented thoughtfully between sips of cola. "You're tall."

"Tall, but uncontrollable." Red corrected firmly. "We don't want another Operation Impending Doom One!"

"Then give me an assignment, and the proper tools to take \_off-planet\_, to some planet that you don't actually have your sights set on. Best case scenario, I prove myself competent and you gain an extra planet. You did it for Invader ZIM, and I'm not \_half \_as reckless as him!"

Red sighed and turned to his co-ruler, who offered nothing more than a noncommittal shrug and the sound of a straw sucking for a depleted reserve of soda. He looked back at KOORI, then again to Purple, and back and forth a few times more, then to one of the Irkens in charge of piloting The Massive, then back to Purple, who finally pulled the straw from his mouth. "You know, that's not a horrible idea."

Red's eyes narrowed suspiciously, and he leaned closer. KOORI watched as the two discussed the idea quietly, her antennae twitching slightly in nervous anticipation. They perked up attentively when both turned around to face her.

"Alright. Since you're so intent on-" Red was interrupted by another pressing straw-gurgle from Purple's drink. "\_Ahem\_. Since you-" The second time he turned and leveled Purple a glare. The drink was reluctantly lowered. "Since you're so intent on comparing yourself to ZIM, \_Invader \_KOORI." Red said, narrowing his eyes. "We've decided to give you the same 'chance' as him."

Purple nodded. "That's right. Don't mess it up." \_Sluurp.\_

KOORI was about to speak up, but Red interjected. "You will be sent to Earth, with ZIM, to aid him in his efforts. You'll be properly equipped as an invader, but you are given only half the time usually allotted for a planet's invasion, as you will be working alongside ZIM."

KOORI's green eyes widened, it felt like her Squeedlyspooch was twisting inside of her in excitement and disdain. "Half? But- It's ZIM, My Tallest. He's likely to be more a hindrance than an asset!"

"Didn't you say you were in the top percent of graduates from Devastis? Just think of ZIM as another obstacle." Purple supplied with a shrug.

Red smiled. "That's right. Surely any Irken worthy of the status we're willing to give you, should you succeed, would have no problem with what we're asking."

KOORI looked up at the Tallest. "The status?"

"Yes." Purple raised his two-fingered hand in affirmation. "You'll be awarded the status of 'Irken Elite' and given your own individual assignment with specialised equipment."

"Not only that, there will be many more benefits in store for you." Red put his hand to his forehead and sighed. "Are you happy now, KOORI?"

"Yes, My Tallest." She bowed her head, temporarily overwhelmed by the opportunities that could be presented by the mission. Status, her own mission, untold 'benefits.' It was hard to keep the grin from her face, though a thought distracted her from her inner celebrations. "But, what awaits me if I fail?"

"Exile. To Earth." Purple smiled. "Where you can't bother us ever again."

Her left antennae twitched in slight offence, but she nodded. "I understand."

"If ZIM causes any problems, tell him he'll share your fate when- I mean if- you fail." The red tallest motioned her towards the door. "Now go, we'll get you your stuff. We have important, Tallest things to do."

"Yes, my Almighty Tallest." KOORI bowed deeply. "I understand." she turned and left the control room without another word.

The rulers shared a look. "Too bad she's gonna fail." Purple sighed. "She was so tall, too."

"Half the time allotted, with ZIM in her way? She has no chance." Red agreed. "Now, I heard someone made tacos?"

"Tacos! Sweet!"

End  
file.